

11630. C. 5

5

CRICKET.

AN

HEROIC POEM:

ILLUSTRATED

With the CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS of

SCRIBLERUS MAXIMUS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN EPILOGUE,

CALL'D,

BUCKS HAVE AT YE ALL.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING,

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DUBLIN,

IN THE CHARACTER

OF RANGER, IN THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

By JAMES LOVE, COMEDIAN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

M, DCC, LXX.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

C R I C K E T

H E R O I C B O E M

REGISTERED

THE NEW YORK OBSERVATIONS

JOHN ABRAHAM WATKINS

WHICH IS BOUND

IN A B I N D U E

R U G K S H A V E A T Y E A L I N

S P O K E N B Y M R K I N G

A T T H E R O A D I N D U L I N

I N T H E C H A R A C T E R

O F R A N K I N T H E S U S P I C I O U S H U S B A N D

B Y J A M E S F O L E C O M E D I A N



[PRICE ONE SHILLING]

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE CRICKET CLUB,
RICHMOND, IN SURREY.
GENTLEMEN,

THE following little Poem, which, near Thirty Years ago, was the Effusion of a youthful Mind, is re-printed for your Amusement. The greatest Circumstance, perhaps, in its Favour is, that it is founded upon Fact; and may serve to entertain the true Lovers of CRICKET, by a Recollection of many Particulars, at a Time when the Game was cultivated with the utmost Affiduity, and patroniz'd by the personal Appearance and Management of some of the most capital People in the Kingdom.

If the Admirers of a manly *British* Exercise should, in a vacant Hour receive the least Entertainment from
this

CRICKET.

DEDICATION.

this Production, it will amply satisfy the Author's
utmost Ambition; who, as an Inhabitant of *Rich-*
mond, would ever be happy to contribute his Mite to
the Pleasure of his Friends and Neighbours, and is

Their very obedient, and

most humble Servant,

JAMES LOVE.

The ARGUMENT

Of the FIRST BOOK.

THE Subject. *Address to the Lovers of Cricket. A*
Description of the Pleasures felt at the Approach of the
proper Season for Cricket, and the Preparations for it. A
Comparison between this Game and others, particularly Billiards,
Bowls and Tennis. Exhortation to Britain, to leave all meaner
Sports, and cultivate Cricket only, as most adapted to the Free-
dom and Hardiness of its Constitution. The Counties most fa-
mous for Cricket describ'd, as vying with one another for
Excellency.

CRICKET.

CRICKET.

BOOK I.

WHILE others, soaring on a lofty Wing,
Of dire *Bellona's* cruel Triumphs sing;
Sound the shrill Clarion, mount the rapid Car,
And rush delighted thro' the Ranks of War;

B **My**
[*The Title, CRICKET.*] There is no Doubt, but that (without a great deal of Study) this Title might have been *dulcified*; and by the ingenious Help of an *AD* tag'd to it, render'd extremely polite and unintelligible. But it is a high Compliment to CRICKET itself, that our Poet thinks proper to set it before his Work, in its own plain unadulterated Signification.

V. 1. *While others,*] Our Author, truly sensible how great a Deference ought to be paid to War, which is, to be sure, the very Soul of Heroic Poetry, esteems it quite necessary to apologize, and begin with crying *Quarter*, in order to take off that Prepossession, which (especially at this critical Juncture) will certainly

5 My tender Muse, in humbler, milder Strains,
 Presents a bloodless Conquest on the Plains;
 Where vig'rous Youth, in Life's fresh Bloom resort
 For pleasing Exercise and healthful Sport.
 Where Emulation fires, where Glory draws,
 10 And active Sportsmen struggle for Applause;
 Expert to *Bowl*, to *Run*, to *Stop*, to *Throw*,
 Each Nerve collected at each mighty Blow.

Hail CRICKET! glorious, manly, *British* Game!
 First of all Sports! be first alike in Fame!

To

be exerted in favour of that delicate Science. He knows how *profoundly* the whole Nation employs itself in military Cares, and remembers that as we have two powerful Kingdoms on our Backs, it is but reasonable we shou'd avoid all trifling Amusements. However, as he hopes CRICKET cannot be deem'd such, with all due Deference, he proceeds. *Scriblerus Maximus.*

V. 13. *Hail CRICKET.*] I have taken a prodigious deal of Pains to find out the Time when CRICKET first appeared, and who was the Author of it. But it is to be lamented, that History is extremely deficient upon this Head. There is great Reason however, to think, that it is an *European* Invention, and perhaps, as our Author ventures to affirm, a Sprout of *Britain*: For the *Chinese*, who claim *Printing*, *Gunpowder*, &c. so long before we had any Notion of them, to our great Satisfaction, lay not the least Claim to it.

C R I C K E T.

3

15 To my fir'd Soul thy busy Transports bring,
 That I may feel thy Raptures, while I sing!
 And ye, kind Patrons of the mirthful Fray,
 Whom CRICKET's Ardour charms, accept the Lay!
 Tho' mean my Verse, my Subject yet approve,
 20 And look propitious on the Game you love!
 When the returning Sun begins to smile,
 And shed its Glories round this sea-girt Isle;
 When new-born Nature deck'd in vivid Green,
 Chases dull Winter from the charming Scene;
 25 High panting with Delight, the jovial Swain
 Trips it exulting o'er the Flow'r-strew'd Plain;
 Thy Pleasures, CRICKET! all his Heart controul;
 Thy eager Transports dwell upon his Soul:
 He weighs the well-turn'd *Ball's* experienc'd Force,
 30 And guides the rapid *Ball's* impetuous Course,

B. 2

H

CRICKET.

His supple Limbs with nimble Labour plies,
 Nor bends the Grass beneath him as he flies,
 The joyous Conquests of the late flown Year,
 In Fancy's Paint, with all their Charms appear,
 35 And now again he views the long wish'd Season near.
 O thou, sublime Inspirer of my Song!
 What matchless Trophies to thy Worth belong!
 Look round the Globe, inclin'd to Mirth, and see
 What daring Sport can claim the Prize from thee!
 40 Not puny *Billiards*, where, with sluggish Pace,
 The dull *Ball* trails before the feeble *Mace*;

Where

V. 32, *Nor bends.*] *Nec teneras cursu lassisset Artus.* Vir. *Aen.* vii. l. 809.

V. 40. *Not puny Billiards.*] With what Taste and Judgment, cries the enraptur'd Commentator, is the *Frenchified* Diversion of *Billiards* here, at the same Time, pathetically describ'd, and critically expos'd! It is, no doubt, obvious to every Reader, how beautifully this ridiculous Amusement serves as a Foil to CRICKET. The Company at the former, are generally Beaus of the first Magnitude, dress'd in the Quintessence of the Fashion. The robust *Cricketer*, plays in his Shirt, The Rev. Mr. W——, particularly, appears almost naked.

C R I C K E T.

5

Where no triumphant Shouts, no Clamours dare
 Pierce thro' the vaulted Roof and wound the Air,
 But stiff Spectators quite inactive stand,
 45 Speechless, attending to the *Striker's* Hand;
 Where nothing can your languid Spirits move,
 Save when the *Marker* bellows out, *Six love!*
 Or when the Ball, *close cushion'd*, slides askew,
 And to the op'ning *Pocket* runs, a *Cou.*
 50 Nor yet that happier Game, where the smooth Bowl,
 In circling Mazes, wanders to the Goal;
 While, much divided between Fear and Glee,
 The Youth cries *Rub; O Flee, you Ling'rer, Flee!*
 Not *Tennis* self, thy sister Sport, can charm,
 55 Or with thy fierce Delights our Bosoms warm.

Tho'

V. 54. *Not Tennis self.* It must be confess'd, that *Tennis* is very nearly ally'd to CRICKET, both as to the Activity, Strength and Skill that are necessary to be exerted on each *important* Occasion. But as the latter happens

C R I C K E T.

Tho' full of Life, at Ease alone dismay'd,
 She calls each swelling Sinew to her Aid;
 Her echoing Courts confess the sprightly Sound,
 While from the *Racket* the brisk Balls rebound.
 60 Yet, to small Space confin'd, ev'n the musty Field
 To nobler C R I C K E T, the disputed Field

O Parent *Britain*! Minion of Renown;
 Whose far-extended Fame all Nations own;
 Of Sloth-promoting Sports, forewarn'd beware
 65 Nor think thy Pleasures are thy meanest Care;
 Shun with Disdain the squeaking Masquerade,
 Where fainting Vice calls Folly to her Aid.

Leave

happens to be the present Subject, our Author with great Propriety and admirable Taste, makes all other Games knock under. When he gratifies the World with a Poem upon *Tennis*, no doubt, he will do the same, in favour of that also.

V. 67. *Where fainting Vice.*] Our Author is a little doubtful, from the Excellence of this Line, whether he has not committed Plagiarism; but as the Proof of it does not immediately occur to his Memory; he hopes it may be of great Service

C R I C K E T.

7

Leave the dissolving Song, the baby dance,
To sooth the Slaves of *Italy* and *France*:

70 While the firm Limb, and strong brac'd Nerve are thine,
Scorn Eunuch Sports; to manlier Games incline;
Feed on the Joys that Health and Vigour give;
Where Freedom reigns, 'tis worth the while to live.

Nurs'd on thy Plains, first CRICKET learnt to please,
75 And taught thy Sons to slight inglorious Ease:
And see where busy Counties strive for Fame,
Each greatly potent at this mighty Game!
Fierce *Kent*, ambitious of the first Applause,
Against the World combin'd, asserts her Cause;

Gay

Service to his Readers, by giving them an Opportunity to shew their Learning in finding it out.

A NOTE upon the foregoing NOTE.

The Creature, whoever he is, that wrote the preceding Remark, is certainly out of his Senses. Does he imagine the Gentlemen who have CRICKET in their Heads, can afford to throw away their Time so idly, as to pore over a parcel of musty Authors to convince themselves, whether a nonsensical Line is his or not?

Britannicus Severus.

80 Gay *Surry* sometimes triumphs o'er the Field,
 And fruitful *Sussex* cannot brook to yield:
 While *London*, Queen of Cities! proudly vies,
 And often grasps the well-disputed Prize.

Thus while *Greece* triumph'd o'er the barb'rous Earth,

85 Seven Cities struggled which gave *Homer* Birth.

V. 85. *The barb'rous Earth.*] The ancient *Greeks* were modest enough to call all the rest of the World *Barbarians*.

Our Author has nothing to plead in favour of this Simile, but poetic Practice. He confesses, it is very little to the Purpose; but then the absolute Necessity of introducing Similes somewhere, the Flavour they give to a Poem, and the prodigious Esteem they are in at present, were Arguments which his Modesty was oblig'd to give way to.

The ARGUMENT

Of the SECOND BOOK.

KENT challenges all the other COUNTIES. The Match determined. A Description of the Place of Contest. The particular Qualifications and Excellencies of each Player. The COUNTIES go in.

B O O K II.

AND now the Sons of Kent, immortal grown,
By a long Series of acquir'd Renown,

Smile

V. 1. *And Now*] It has been determin'd long ago, by a great many great Criticks, that the Dignity of Expression should be suited to the Magnificence of the Subject. Our Author, I think, has preserv'd this Decorum to a Title: For who can help being fired with the *Pomp* of this Challenge, which he sets out with in the second Book. It is to be observed likewise, that he has carefully (thro' the whole Poem) avoided every thing that might lessen his *Heros*. And whereas some unadvised People, frequently make use of the mean Appellations of *Vol*, *Fact*, &c. when they speak of the most Illustrious at this Game; he has reject'd such Crimes with the utmost Indignation.

Scrib. Mer.

Smile at each weak Attempt to shake their Fame;
 And thus with vaunting Pride, their Might proclaim.
 5 Long have we bore the Palm, triumphant fill,
 No County fit to match our wond'rous Skill;
 But that all tamely may confess our Sway,
 And own us Masters of the glorious Day;
 Pick the best Sportsmen from each sev'ral Shire,
 10 And let them, if they dare, 'gainst Us appear:
 Soon will we prove the Mightiness we boast,
 And make them feel their Error, to their Cost.

Fame quickly gave the bold Defiance vent,
 And magnified th' undaunted Sons of *Kent*.
 15 The boastful Challenge founded far and near;
 And spreading, reach'd at length Great N——'s Ear:
 Where, with his Friend, all negligent he laugh'd,
 And threaten'd future Glories, as they quaff'd.

Struck

V. 16. N——'s Ear.] Among his many penetrating Observations, our Poet has particularly remarked the great Efficacy of a *Dash*: Therefore, unwilling that his Poem should lose any material Beauty; and equally desirous his Reader should receive every Satisfaction that is possible, he has cleared up all the Difficulties, in his Annotations, which that delicate Invention unavoidably creates. *Newland*, of *Shelden* in *Suffex*, Farmer; a famous *Batsman*.

C R I C K E T.

12

Struck with the daring Phrase, a piercing Look
 20 On *B——n* first he cast, and thus he spoke.
 And dare the Slaves this paltry Message own!
 What then is *N——*'s Arm no better known?
 Have I for this the *Ring*'s wide Ramparts broke?
 Whilst *R——y* shudder'd at the mighty Stroke.
 25 Now by *Alcmena*'s finew'd Son, I swear,
 Whose dreadful Blow no mortal Strength can bear!
 By *Hermes*, Offspring too of thund'ring *Jove*! —
 Whose winged Feet like nimble Lightning move!
 By ev'ry Patron of the pleasing War,
 30 My chief Delight, my Glory, and my Care!
 This Arm shall cease the far-driv'n Ball to throw,
 Shrink from the *Bat* and feebly shun the Blow;

The

V. 20. On *B——n* first] *Bryan*, of *London*, Bricklayer.

V. 24. Whilst *R——y*] *Vol Rummy*, Gardiner to the Duke of *Derby*, at *Knower*, near *Sevenoaks* in *Kent*.

V. 25. Now by, &c.] The judicious Choice of *Hercules* and *Mercury*, the Gods of Strength and Swiftness, so very peculiar to the Game of **CRICKET**, cannot be enough admired.

CRICKET.

- The Trophies, from this conqu'ring Forehead torn,
 By Boys and Women shall in Scorn be worn,
 35 E'er I neglect to let these Bluff'ers know,
 There live who dare oppose, and beat them too,
 Illustrious B——! Now's the Time to prove
 To CRICKET's Charms thy much experienc'd Love.
 Let Us with Care, each hardy Friend inspire!
 40 And fill his Soul with emulating Fire!
 Come on.—True Courage never is dismay'd.
 He spoke.—The Hero listen'd, and obey'd.
 Urg'd by their Chiefs, the Friends of CRICKET hear,
 And joyous in the fated Lifts appear.
 45 The Day approach'd. To view the charming Scene,
 Exulting Thousands croud the levell'd Green.

A Place there is, where City-Warriors meet,
 Wisely determin'd, not to fight, but eat.

Where

V. 42. *Listen'd and obey'd.* Laconick Bayes!

V. 47. *A Place there is.* *Left in fief to Evens.* The Author here has exactly followed the Example of all great Poets, both ancient and modern, who never fail to prepare you with a pompous Description of the Place where any great Action is to be performed.

C R I C K E T.

13

Where harmless Thunder rattles to the Skies,

50 While the plump *Buff-coat* fires, and shuts his Eyes,

To the pleas'd Mob the bursting Cannons tell

At ev'ry circ'ling Glass, how much they swell

Here, in the Intervals of bloodless War,

The Swains with milder Pomp their Arms prepare,

55 Wide o'er th' extended Plain, the circling String—

Refrains th' impatient Throng, and marks a Ring,

But if encroaching on forbidden Ground,

The heedless Croud o'erleaps the proper Bound:

S—th plies, with strenuous Arm, the smacking Whip,

60 Back to the Line th' affrighted Rebels slip.

V. 49. *Where harmless, &c.*] I must own that this Description of the Artillery-Ground has very little Merit, the Particulars are so obvious: It has Truth indeed on its Side; but that is a Thing now a-days so slenderly regarded, that I am afraid it will receive no Weight from it.

V. 59. S—h plies, &c.] Mr. Smith, the Master of the Ground, who, to his immortal Honour, and no inconsiderable Advantage, has made great Improvements; and been perhaps a principal Cause of the high Light in which CRICKET at this Time flourishes. There would have been a fine Opportunity to have introduced in this Place, the Praises of the celebrated *Vinegar*, who so long triumphed in *Woolfields* without a Rival. But alas! the Nobility and Gentry have cruelly robbed this famous Spot of its favourite Diversions; by transplanting the Heroes, who lately cut such Figures here, to *Tottenham-Court*, and *Broughton's Amphitheatre*, with a malicious Intent to rob the Commons of their Amusements, and engross the whole Joy to themselves.

The Stumps are pitch'd. Each Heroe now is seen,
 Springs o'er the Fence, and bounds along the Green.
 In decent White, most gracefully array'd,
 Each strong-built Limb in all its Pride display'd.
 65 Now *Muse*, exert thy Vigour, and describe
 The mighty Chieftains of each glorious Tribe!
 Bold R——y first, before the *Kentish* Hand
 God-like appear'd, and seiz'd the chief Command!
 Judicious Swain! Whose quick-discerning Soul
 70 Observes the various Seasons as they roll;
 Well skill'd to spread the thriving Plant around;
 And paint with fragrant Flow'rs th' enamell'd Ground;
 Conscious of Worth, with Front erect he moves,
 And poises in his Hand the *Ball* he loves.
 75 Him *Dorset's* Prince protects, whose youthful Heir
 Attends with ardent Glee the mighty Play'r.

He
 V. 65. Now *Muse*, J. Pandite nunc *Heliconæ Deæ*, *Cantusque move*. Vir. En.
 vii. l. 641.

Let any Man read two or three Pages of *Virgil*, immediately following the above
 Quotation, or turn to Mr. *Glover's Leonidas*, the greater Poem of the two, where he
 describes the Army of *Xerxes*; and he will easily see what our Poet had in his Head;
 And with what surprising Address he has copied the Majesty of the one, and the —
 of the other.

N. B. The Reader may supply the above Dash with what Word he pleases.

C R I C K E T.

25

He, at *Mid-wicket*, disappoints the *Foe*;
 Springs at the coming *Ball*, and mocks the *Blow*.
 Ev'n thus the *Rattle-Snake*, as *Trav'lers* say,
 80 With stedfast *Eye* observes its destin'd *Prey*;
 'Till fondly gazing on the glitt'ring *Balls*,
 Into her Mouth th' unhappy *Victim* falls.
 The baffled *Hero* quits his *Bat* with *Pain*,
 And mutt'ring lags across the shouting *Plain*.
 85 Brisk *H*—— next strides on with comely *Pride*,
 Tough as the Subject of his Trade the *Hide*.
 In his firm *Palm*, the hard-bound *Ball* he bears,
 And mixes joyous with his pleas'd *Compeers*.
Bromlean M——s attend the *Kentish* *Throng*;
 90 And *R*——n from his *Size*, surnam'd the *Long*.
 Six more, as ancient *Custom* has thought meet,
 With willing *Steps*, th' intrepid *Band* compleat.
 On th' adverse *Party*, tow'ring o'er the rest,
 Left-handed *N*——d fires each arduous *Breast*.

From

V. 85. *H*——] *Hodswell*, of *Dartford* in *Kent*, *Tanner*; celebrated *Bowler*.

V. 89. *M*——] *Mills*, of *Bromley* in *Kent*.

V. 90. *R*——] *Robin*, commonly called *Long Robin*.

V. 91. *Six more*] *Mess. Mills*, *Sewyer* of *Sullex*, *Chubb*, *Bartrus*, *Eps*, and *Dani*.

- 95 From many a bounteous Crop, the foodful Gran
 With swelling Stores rewards his useful Pain:
 While the glad Farmer, with delighted Eyes,
 Smiles to behold his close-cram'd Gran rise.
 Next B——n came, whose cautious Hand could fix
 100 In neat dispos'd Array the well-plant'd Bricks:
 With him, alone, scarce any youth would dare
 At single Wicket, try the doubtful War;
 For few, save him, th' exalted Honour claim
 To play with Judgment, all the various Game.
 105 Next, his accomplish'd Vigour, C——y tries,
 Whose shelt'ring Hand the neat-form'd Gorb supplies.
 To the dread Plain her D——e Surry lends,
 And W——k on the jovial Train attends.
 Equal in Numbers, bravely they begin
 110 The dire Dispute.—The Foes of Kent go in.

V. 105. C——y Cuddy, of Standon, Suffex, Taylor.

V. 107. D——e Stephen Dingate, of Rygate in Surry.

V. 108. W——k Wymark, the Miller.

V. 109. Equal in Numbers.] The rest on the Side of the Counties were, Mess.
 Newland, Newland, Green, Harris, Harris, and Smith.

The A R G U M E N T

Of the T H I R D B O O K.

THE Game. *Five on the Side of the COUNTIES are out for three Notches. The Odds run high on the Side of KENT. Bryan and Newland go in; they help the Game greatly. Bryan is unfortunately put out by Kips. KENT, the first Innings, is Thirteen a-head. The COUNTIES go in again, and get Fifty-seven a-head. KENT, in the Second Innings is very near losing, the two last Men being in. Weymark unhappily misses a Catch, and by that Means KENT is victorious.*

B O O K I I I.

WITH wary Judgment, scatter'd o'er the Green,
Th' ambitious Chiefs of fruitful Kent are seen.

D Some

Some, at a Distance, for the *Long Ball* wait,
 Some, nearer planted, seize it from the *Bat*.
 5 *H—l* and *M—s* behind the *Wickets* stand,
 And each by Turns, the flying Ball command;
 Four Times from *H—l*'s Arm it skims the Grass;
 Then *M—s* succeeds. The *Seekers-out* change Place.
 Observe, cries *H—l*, to the wond'ring Throng,
 10 Be Judges now, whose Arms are better strung!
 He said—then pois'd, and rising as he threw,
 Swift from his Arm the fatal Miffive flew.
 Not with more Force the Death conveying Ball,
 Springs from the Cannon to the batter'd Wall;

15 Nor

V. 5. *H—l* and *M—s*] *Hodswell* and *Mills*, the Bowlers on the *Kentish* Side.

V. 10. *Be Judges now,*] *Aspice, num magis sit nostrum penetrabile telum.*

Virg. *Æn.* 2. l. 481.

V. 11. *And rising as he threw.*

Not with more Force,

Corporis toto

Eminis interquet. Murali concita nunquam

Tormento sic sacra fremunt, nec fulmine tanti

Dissultant Crepitus. Volat Atri Turbinis instar

Exitum dirum Hasta ferent.

C R I C K E T.

19

15 Nor swifter yet the pointed Arrows go,
Launch'd from the Vigour of the *Parthian* Bow,
It whizz'd along, with unimagin'd Force,
And bore down all, resistless in its Course.
To such impetuous Might compell'd to yield
20 The *Bail*, and mangled *Stumps* bestrew the Field.

Now glows with ardent Heat th' unequal Fray,
While *Kent* usurps the Honours of the Day;
Loud from the *Ring* resounds the piercing Shout,
Three *Notches* only gain'd, five *Leaders* out.

25 But while the drooping *Play'r* invokes the Gods,
The busy *Better* calculates his Odds,
Swift round the Plain, in buzzing Murmurs run,
I'll hold you Ten to Four, Kent.—Done Sir.—Done.

What Numbers can with equal Force, describe
30 Th' increasing Terrors of the losing Tribe!

D 2

When

- When, vainly striving 'gainst the conq'r'ng Ball,
 They see their boasted Chiefs, dejected fall!
 Now the two mightiest of the fainting Host
 Pant to redeem the Fame their Fellows lost.
 35 Eager for Glory;—For the worst prepar'd;
 With pow'rful Skill, their threat'ned *Wickets* guard.
B——*n*, collected for the deadly Stroke,
 First cast to *Heav'n*, a supplicating Look,
 Then pray'd.—*Propitious Pow'rs! Assist my Blow,*
 40 *And grant the flying Orb may shock the Foe!*
 This said; he wav'd his Bat with forceful Swing,
 And drove the batter'd Pellet o'er the Ring.
 Then rapid *five Times* cross'd the shining Plain,
 E'er the departed Ball return'd again.
 45 Nor was thy Prowess valiant *N*——*d*, mean,
 Whose strenuous Arm increas'd the Game *eighteen*;
 While from thy Stroke, the Ball retiring hies,
 Uninterrupted Clamours rend the Skies.
 But
- M. 179. Propitious Powers.] Te precor, Alcide, captis ingentibus adsis.* Virg.

But oh, what horrid Changes oft' are seen,
 50 When faithless Fortune seems the most serene!
 Beware, unhappy *B*——*n*! oh beware!
 Too heedless Swain, when such a Foe is near.
 Fir'd with Success, elated with his Luck,
 He glow'd with Rage, regardless how he struck;
 55 But, forc'd the fatal Negligence to mourn,
K——s crush'd his *Stumps*, before the Youth could turn,
 The rest their unavailing Vigour try,
 And by the Pow'r of *Kent*, demolish'd die,
 Awaken'd *Eccho* speaks the *Innings* o'er,
 60 And forty *Notches* deep indent the *Score*.

Now *Kent* prepares her better Skill to show;
 Loud rings the Ground, at each tremendous Blow,
 With nervous Arm, performing God-like Deeds,
 Another, and another Chief succeeds;

65 Till

V. 56. *K*——s] *Kips* is particularly remarkable for *handling* the Ball at the *Wicket*, and knocking up the *Stumps* instantly, if the *Batsman* is not extremely cautious.

65 'Till, tir'd with Fame, the conq'ring Host give Way;
And head by *thirteen* Strokes, the toilsome Fray.

Fresh rous'd to Arms, each Labour-loving Swain
Swells with new Strength, and dares the Field again.
Again to *Heav'n* aspires the chearful Sound;
70 The *Strakes* re-eccho o'er the spacious Ground.

The *Champion* strikes. When, scarce arriving fair,
The glancing Ball mounts upwards in the Air!
The *Batsman* sees it; and with mournful Eyes,
Fix'd on th'ascending *Pellet* as it flies,

75 Thus suppliant claims the Favour of the Skies.

O mighty *Jove*! and all ye Pow'rs above!

Let my regarded Pray'r your Pity move!

Grant me but this. Whatever Youth shall dare

Snatch at the Prize, descending thro' the Air;

80 Lay him extended on the grassy Plain,

And make his bold, ambitious Effort vain.

He

He said. The Powers, attending his Request
Granted one Part, to Winds consign'd the rest.

And now illustrious S——e, where he stood,
85 Th' approaching Ball with cautious Pleasure view'd;
At once he sees the Chiefs impending Doom,
And pants for mighty Honours, yet to come:
Swift as the *Falcon*, darting on its Prey,
He springs elastic o'er the verdant Way;
90 Sure of Success, flies upward with a Bound,
Derides the slow Approach, and spurns the Ground.
Prone slips the Youth; yet glorious in his Fall,
With Arm extended shows the captive Ball.
Loud Acclamations ev'ry Mouth employ,
95 And Eccho rings the undulating Joy.

The

V. 82 *The Powers attending*].

Andiit & voti Phœbus succedere partem

Mente dedit, partem volucres disperfit in auras.

V. 84. S——e,] Lord John Sackville, Son to the Duke of Dorset. It is hoped
that tho' this Description may a little exceed the real Fact, it may be excus'd;
especially as there is a great deal of Foundation for it.

C R I C K E T.

The *Counties* now the Game triumphant lead,
And vaunt their Numbers fifty-seven a *Head*,

To end th' immortal Honours of the Day

The *Chiefs* of *Kent*, once more, their Might essay;

100 No trifling Toil ev'n yet remains untry'd,

Nor mean the Numbers of the adverse *Side*.

With doubled Skill each dang'rous Ball they thud,

Strike with observing Eye, with Caution run.

At length they know the with'd for Number near,

105 Yet wildly pant; and almost own they fear.

The two last *Champions* even now are in,

And but three Notches yet remain to win.

When, almost ready to recant its Boast,

Ambitious *Kent* within an Ace had lost:

110 The mounting Ball, again obliquely driv'n,

Cuts the pure *Æther*, soaring up to Heav'n.

W——k was ready: *W——k*, all mast own,

As sure a Swain to catch as e'er was known;

Yet, whether *Love*, and all-compelling Fate,

115 In their high Will determin'd *Kent* should beat;

Or

C R I C K E T.

25

Or the lamented Youth too much relled
On sure Success, and Fortune often tried;
The erring Ball, amazing to be told!
Slipp'd thro' his out-stretch'd Hand, and mock'd his Hold.

116 And now the Sons of *Kent* compleat the Game,
And firmly fix their everlasting Fame.

BUCKS Have at Ye All.
An EPILOGUE,

In the Character of *Ranger*, in the *Suspicious Husband*.

THIS Epilogue, which was originally spoken in the Year 1754, by Mr. KING, for his Benefit, in Dublin, owed much of its Success to Locality, and the brilliant Performance of its favourite Speaker. As it has been hackney'd since through many Mouths of inferior Merit, and undergone a Variety of Changes to suit it to other Places and Times, it has sunk considerably in its Force and Effect; and therefore the Author presumes to offer it to the Curious as it formerly stood; restoring its native Complexion, with some few necessary Explanations of the particular Circumstances that may not, at this Time, be so clearly understood.

YE

YE social Friends of Claret and of Wit,
 Where'er dispers'd in merry Groupes ye sit;
 Whether below ye gild the glitt'ring Scene,
 Or croud aloft there, on a bold *Thirteen*;
 5 Ye *Bucks* assembled at your *Ranger's* call,
 By Heav'n I know ye, and *have at ye all!*

By Nature's Hand, within the Sparks are struck,
 That constitute the Thing we call a *Buck*.
 Nor yet to *Sex*, *Degree*, or *Age* confin'd,
 10 It lives an active *Principle of Mind*;
 And seen in ev'ry Class o'th' human Frame,
 Tho' th' Effects differ, yet the Thing's the same.

The Motive *here* that sets our *Bucks* on Fire,
 The gen'ral Wish, the first and last Desire;
 15 If you with Plaudits Eccho to renown,
 Or urg'd to Fury, tear the Benches down;

Is
 L. 4.—*Thirteen*—An *English* Shilling passes in *Ireland* for *Thirteen Pence*.

Is still the same.—To one bright Goal you haste,

To show your *Spirit*, and approve your *Taste* :

'Tis not in Nature for you to be quiet ;

20 No—damme !—*Bucks* exist but in a Riot.

For instance now,—to charm th' admiring Croud,

Your *Bucks* i'th' *Boxes* sneer, and talk aloud.

To th' *Lattice* next, with joyous Speed they run

Illo ! Illo ! my Bucks !—well, what's the Fun ?

25 Tho' *Shakespear* speak, regardless of the Play,

They loll and laugh the sprightly Hours away ;

For to seem sensible of real Merit,

Is certainly—*beneath us Lads of Spirit !*

Your *Bucks* i'th' *Pit* are—Miracles of Learning !

30 Who point out Faults, to show their own discerning ;

And Critic like, bestriding martyr'd Sense,

Proclaim their *Genius* and—*vast Consequences !*

The

L. 23.—*Th' Lattice*—The Places so called in the Theatre at *Dublin* are the same as our Balcony Boxes.

L. 29.—*Bucks i'th' Pit*—The *Pit* Audience in *Dublin* consist much of Collegians, and it is not usual to admit Women there.

BUCKS Have at Ye All.

29

The *Middle Row*, whose keener Views of Bliss,
Are chiefly center'd in a fav'rite *Miss*;
35 A Set of jovial *Bucks*, who there resort
Flush'd from the Tavern,—reeling ripe for Sport,
Whisp'ring soft Nonsense in the fair one's Ear,
And wholly ignorant, what passes *here*;
Wak'd from their Dream, oft join the House Applause

[With—*Bravo! Bravo!—fine! charming! &c.—What was it?*]

40 Thus show their *Taste*, unconscious of the *Cause*.

Ye *Bucks* above, who reign like Gods at large—
Nay, do not grin,—but listen to your Charge!
You who, resolv'd to change the Scene of Raillery,
Out-talk the Players, in the *Upper Gallery*;
45 You need not to your Wit such Succours bring
As—*is it Weight?*—and chatt'ring to *Tom King*;

For

L. 33.—*Middle Row*—The Middle Gallery in *Dublin* is in a remarkable Manner the Scene of Gallantry.

L. 46.—*Is it Weight?*—At the Time this Epilogue was spoken, Mr. King often played *Sharp* in the *Lying Valet*, and the Wits in the Upper Gallery constantly, when
he

BUCKS Have at Ye All.

For, *entre nous*, behind the Scenes he'as fwore,
 And bad me say't;—he'll answer you no more.
 While deaf'ning Shouts support your high Renown,
 50 You stamp, with Ease, your merit on the Town;
 Your Judgment is so fierce—your Wit so loud,
 That, 'pon my Soul, I'm sure it must be good.
 Behold I bow me to your grand Decree,
 And own your Justice—tho' you *groan* for me.

11 7 49

he received the *Half Guinea* from *Melissa*, used to call out—*Is it Weight?*—Indeed a Custom prevailed at that Time of Jests passing to and fro between the Galleries and their favourite Actors during the Performance; which, tho' Mr. King had been inadvertently drawn into, he could not help in his own good Sense condemning as highly improper, and wishing at any prudent Rate to abolish.

Last Line—*Groan*—The Spirit of the Times, in Party Matters, boiling over amongst the lower Order of People to great Excess; a rude and daring Liberty was taken by the *Upper Gallery* of calling to account the People of Fashion; and distinguishing them with Marks of Contempt or Approbation.—Noblemen, Gentlemen, nay even the Ladies themselves were called upon by name, as they entered the Boxes, and saluted with a *Clap* or a *Groan*.

F I N I S.